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VIEW of the STARRY HEAVENS.

(Concluded from page 25.)

EACH star, then, is not only a world, but also the center of a planetary system. It is in this light we must consider the stars, which shine over our heads in a winter night. They are distinguished from the planets by their brilliancy, and because they never change their place in the sky. According to their apparent size, they are divided into six classes, which comprehend altogether about three thousand stars. But though they have endeavoured to fix the exact number of them, it is certain they are innumerable. The very number of stars sowed here and there, and which the most piercing eye can with difficulty perceive, prove that it would be in vain to attempt to reckon them. Telescopes indeed have opened to us new points in the creation, since by their assistance millions of stars are discovered. But it would be a very senseless pride in man to try to fix the limits of the universe, by those of his telescope. If we reflect on the distance between the fixed stars and our earth, we shall have new cause to admire the greatness of the creation. Our senses alone make us already know that the stars must be farther from us than the planets. Their apparent littleness only proceeds from their distance from the earth. And in reality, this distance cannot be measured: since a cannon-ball, supposing it always to preserve the same degree of swiftness, would scarce, at the end of six hundred thousand years, reach the star nearest to our earth. What then must the stars be? Their prodigious distance and their brightness tell us,---they are suns which reflect as far as us, not a borrowed light, but their own light; suns, which the Creator has sowed by millions in the immeasurable space; and each of which is accompanied by several terrestrial globes, which it is designed to illuminate.

In the mean time, all these observations, however surprising they are, lead us, at the utmost, but to the first limits of the creation. If we could transport ourselves above the moon; if we could reach the highest star over our heads, we should discover new skies, new

suns, new stars, new systems of worlds, and perhaps still more magnificent. Even there, however, the dominions of our great Creator would not end; and we should find, with the greatest surprize, that we had only arrived at the frontiers of the worldly space. But the little we do know of his works, is sufficient to make us admire the infinite wisdom, power, and goodness of our adorable Creator. Let us stop here, then, and reflect, how great must be that Being who has created those immense globes! who has regulated their course, and whose right hand directs and supports them! And what is the clod of earth we inhabit, with the magnificent scene it presents us, in comparison of the beauty of the firmament? If this earth was annihilated, its absence would be no more observed than that of a grain of sand from the sea-shore. What are provinces and kingdoms in comparison of those worlds? Nothing but atoms which play in the air, and are seen in the sun-beams. And what am I, when I reckon myself amongst this infinite number of God's creatures? How I am lost in my own nothingness! But however little I appear in this, how great do I find myself in other respects! "How beautiful this starry firmament, which God has chosen for his throne! What is more admirable than the celestial bodies! Their splendor dazzles me; their beauty enchants me. However, all beautiful as it is, and richly adorned, yet is this sky void of intelligence. It knows not its own beauty; whilst I, mere clay, whom God has moulded with his hands, am endowed with sense and reason." I can contemplate the beauty of those shining orbs. Still more, I am already, to a certain degree, acquainted with their sublime Author; and I partly see some rays of his glory. I will endeavour to be more and more acquainted with his works, and make it my employment, till by a glorious change I rise above the starry regions, and enter the world of spirits.

MAXIM.

IF we would be truly great, we must think nothing below our notice, nor any thing too high for our attainment.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE OF A SPANISH NOBLEMAN.

From the Chevalier De Rabilier's remarkable Events of the present Century.

(Concluded from page 27.)

THEY were accordingly united in the pleasing bonds of Hymen, which are never so indissoluble, as when religion and virtue, disinterested love, and real worth form the bright links of the mystic chain. But as all sublunary happiness is liable to a change, a most dreadful reverse succeeded to this seemingly well established scheme of domestic enjoyment. The duchess from some accident in lying-in, notwithstanding every possible assistance from the faculty, expired three days after, presenting her spouse with an heir to his noble possessions. It would be needless to attempt a description of the grief and confusion caused by so dire a misfortune, which were not confined to the castle of St. Lucar, but spread like an epidemic disease throughout the whole district. The church bells rang their usual melancholy dirge, and were echoed by the responsive sighs of city and country for many miles round: to complete this scene of woe, the disconsolate widower, penetrated with the most lively anguish, followed his beloved partner to the tomb in less than six months.

The young duke, now an orphan, remained under the tutelage of the count d'Alvarez, uncle to his father, a nobleman whose fortune was by no means equal to his rank and numerous family.—The immense riches of his ward tempted him to sacrifice the last of this illustrious family to the abominable desire of enriching his own children with the spoils. A mind capable of forming so black a design is commonly capable of carrying it into execution; yet this barbarian, not daring to shed innocent blood with his own hand, bribed one of his domestics to carry the young nobleman to some remote place, and there strangle him. But the servant who fortunately had never been stained with so detestable a crime as wilful murder, though somewhat encouraged by the hopes of a further recompense, seized the wretched victim, and with a tremor and agitation, that equally denoted reluctance and want of skill in the weapons of death, gave him three stabs in the left arm with a poignard, which instantly fell from his convulsed and shaking hand. The cries of this lovely infant, and the blood which ran plentifully from his wounds, quite overcame the youthful assassin, and recalled a sense of the act he was about to perpetrate. He melted into tears, and forgetting both his interest and rigid lord's commands, ran with speed to a neighbouring surgeon, who on examining the wounds, found them not mortal, though dangerous, and deep enough to leave indelible marks of their malignity on the back of his shoulders.

The domestic having in part discharged the duties of humanity, returned to his lord, and informed him that he had fully executed the bloody commission, which was readily believed, and a report immediately circulated that the young duke died suddenly in a convulsion fit, a coffin

was accordingly filled with rubbish, and solemnly interred the following night.

Notwithstanding these precautions, the servant became very uneasy in his mind, and returned privately to the surgeon, under whose care he had left the wounded infant. He found him much mended, and dreading a discovery of the fraud put on his cruel master, which would have endangered his own life, as well as that of the young nobleman, whom he was now determined to preserve, he conveyed him to a distant province, and committed him to the care of an honest peasant, who for a considerable sum in hand promised to take particular notice both of his nurture and safety.

The young duke remained six years in this situation, when the same domestic appeared, and to rid himself effectually of every probable idea of being discovered, brought the child to Malaga, where he sold him to one Jacob de Mendez, a Portuguese Jew, who was about to embark for Constantinople, at the same time telling him, that being the natural son of a Spanish nobleman, by a young lady of the first distinction at the court, it was necessary on several accounts, that so strong a proof of frailty should be removed to a great distance. The Jew paid the price, promised secrecy, embarked with his slave, or pupil, for the Levant, and happily arrived at the port of Modon, in the Morea, from whence he went by land to Constantinople, where we will leave him for the present, and return to the uncle in Spain, whose project of murdering his innocent ward was not attended with the satisfaction he had at first imagined.

About two years after, a strange malady, unknown to the most experienced physicians, broke into the old nobleman's house, and carried off every one of his numerous issue in less than a month. He himself was attacked by a malignant fever, in which he remained delirious for above six weeks. At length he recovered, and penetrated with the keenest remorse for the unworthy steps he had taken to destroy his innocent pupil, the first use he made of his understanding was a participation of his griefs to the servant who had been his accomplice in the crime, who, believing all danger from his lord's resentment at an end, confessed the whole truth. This indeed appeased in some measure, the agonies with which the Count's mind was tortured; he now conceived a glimmering ray of hope that he might one day be instrumental in restoring the young nobleman to his lawful possessions; Providence, moved by his deep contrition, seemed to applaud the just design; he recovered his health, and took every method that prudence could suggest, but his enquiries were a long time fruitless. Happening, however, to be at Marseilles when the *Cæsar*, a ship in the Levant trade, arrived in the port, the disconsolate count, learned from the captain, who had sailed from Constantinople about six weeks before, that the Portuguese Jew, to whom the young duke was sold by the servant at Malaga, had presented him to lord Paget, ambassador from England, who had returned to London before the French vessel set sail. Count d'Alvarez, on receiving this agreeable news, sent an express to London, but the messenger arrived too late; the young gentleman was not to be found in that city,

all he could learn was, that, after living with a barber in Picadilly, who taught him to shave and dress, he had engaged with Count de Gallas, the Imperial Minister, who returned to Vienna some months before. Old Alvarez, not in the least discouraged, sent his confessor to the Emperor's court, where the Count de Gallas informed him that the domestic in question had quitted his service, and went to live with the Baron d'Oberdorf, governor of Inspruck in Tyrol, where he then resided. That he had married a chamber-maid belonging to Madame, the Baroness, and was much respected in the family.

On this interesting intelligence, the good priest let out for Inspruck, and being conducted to an audience, the governor acquainted him, that the young man he so diligently sought, was gone about a month before to reside on a farm, which the governor had let him at an easy rent, sixteen miles from Munich in Bavaria, where he believed him to be extremely happy, with an amiable girl who had waited on his lady, and was now become his wife. Hither the indefatigable friar hastened, and at length discovered the retreat of this long-lost alien from his family and friends. After some preparatory compliments and questions, the young farmer confessed that he knew nothing of his real name, rank or country. All that he possibly could remember of his early days was his being a slave to a merchant in Turkey, who told him frequently that he was natural son to a Spanish lord. The friar requested to examine his shoulders, and beholding three distinct marks of a poignard, or other sharp weapon, in the places before described, hesitated not a moment to pronounce him the undoubted heir of the duchies of Medina, and St. Lucar. It is impossible to describe the astonishment of the young gentleman, or the lively alarms of his amiable spouse, on the discovery of their true condition. Instead of being elevated or flattered by this double access of immense wealth and princely dignity, they only feared that such a change in circumstances might some way or other deprive them of the innocence and tranquility they enjoyed with each other in a moderate sphere of life. The young farmer, now duke of Medina, Celi, and lord of the town and port of St. Lucar, positively insisted on the acquiescence of his family with his choice, and their respect for the deserving person, whom he should introduce to them as his wife, as a necessary condition of his returning amongst them. Matters being thus settled, the confessor, with the duke and his fair spouse, set off for Inspruck, to take leave of, and thank the noble Baron and Baroness d'Oberdorf for all their favours, who understanding, that their graces intended passing through Vienna in their way to Spain, recommended them so strenuously to his imperial majesty Charles the sixth, father to the present illustrious dowager queen of Hungary and Bohemia, as to ensure them a very honourable reception.

After a few weeks stay at the court of Vienna, they all set out for Spain by the way of Italy, and arrived by easy journies at Genoa, embarked on board the Princess Louisa, an English man of war, who landed them safely at Cadiz, where the old count d'Alvarez, with a number of domestics and carriages, waited their arrival. From

hence their graces set out with a retinue worthy their rank and virtues, for the castle of St. Lucar, which was finely illuminated on this joyful occasion, and where they yet enjoy the reward of their sufferings and constancy. His grace is now in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and the duchess in her grand climacteric. Both are strong and healthy for their time of life, and continue patterns of every virtue than can do honour to their rank and fortune; happy parents of a numerous and lovely offspring, blessed by the poor, revered by the rich, and in favour with God and man.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATION.

IT is never best to bestow encomiums on our friends which are too brilliant for them, in order to hide their defects: for by this means we frequently bring failings to light, which would otherwise have been unobserved; and so defeat the end we aim at. This remark was suggested by the following anecdote:

A young lady, not long since, with a view to represent her brother, who was a mere dunce, as a person of great learning, took occasion to say, in a large assembly, that, "For her part, she was very fond of reading; but Johnny's books being chiefly *Latin* or *French* authors, they afforded her little or no amusement at all." "Then," said a gentleman present, who knew his abilities, "I cannot see what use they can be to him, for he hardly understands *English*."

ETHICUS.

NEW-YORK, July 29, 1796.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ADVICE.

HOW necessary it becomes us to reflect on our future state, a state in which we are doomed either to possess happiness or misery, according to our deserts—to avoid all painful sensations on the æra of death is to pursue faithfully the grand dictates of our Creator, whilst he gives us strength and power; for without a serious, diligent and punctual attention thereto, the mind must inevitably be much discomposed and filled with imaginations too great to be described, by heretofore neglecting the functions of that duty which he (the Supreme) so strictly commands us to perform. How many of our worthy citizens have been lately cut off, and how many are now on the brink of leaving this world in their youthful prime.

My good friends, do but think of the uncertainty of life, and remember that no moment ought to be neglected in assiduously applying ourselves to the devotion of God, which will secure to us the happiness of futurity.

R. C.

NEW-YORK, July 23, 1796.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF
THE PRINCESS DE PONTHEIU.

Translated from the French.

AMONG all the great families which flourished in France in the reign of Philip the First, the Count de St. Paul and the Count de Ponthieu were the most distinguished; but especially the Count de Ponthieu, who, possessing a great extent of dominion, maintained the title of sovereign with inconceivable magnificence. He was a widower, and had an only daughter, whose wit and beauty, supported by the shining qualities of her father, made his court polite and sumptuous, and had attracted to it the bravest Cavaliers of that age. The Count de St. Paul had no children but a nephew, son of his sister, by the Sieur la Domar, who was the only heir of his title and possessions. This expectation was for the present his only fortune; but Heaven having formed him to please, he might be said to be one of those whose intrinsic worth is sufficient to render them superior to the rest of mankind: courage, wit, and a good mien, together with a high birth, made ample atonement for his want of riches. This young Cavalier having engaged the notice of the Count de Ponthieu in a tournament, where he had all the honour; he conceived so great an esteem for him, that he invited him to his court. The considerable advantages he offered him were so much above what the Count de St. Paul's nephew could for the present expect, that he embraced the proposals he made him with pleasure, and the Count thought himself happy in having prevailed on him to stay with him. Thibault, for so history calls this young Cavalier, was no sooner come to court, than the beauty of the princess inspired him with admiration, which soon ripened into love; and it was but in vain that reason opposed his passion, by representing how little he was in a condition to make any such pretensions. Love is not to be controuled, it is not to be repelled.—But in some measure to punish his temerity, he condemned himself to an eternal silence: yet, though his tongue was mute, the princess, who had as great a share of sensibility as beauty, soon perceived the effect of her charms written in his eyes, and imprinted in all his motions, and, in secret, rejoiced at the conquest she had gained. But the same reasons which obliged Thibault to conceal his sentiments, prevented her from making any discovery of her's, and it was only by the language of their glances, they told each other that they burned with a mutual flame.

As at that time there were great numbers of sovereign princes, there were very often wars between them; and as the Count de Ponthieu had the greatest extent of land, so he was the most exposed: But Thibault, by his courage and prudence, rendered him so formidable to his neighbours, that he both enlarged his dominions and made the possession of them secure. These important services added to that esteem the Count and Princess had for him before; but at last, a signal victory which he gained, and which was of the utmost consequence to the Count, carried the gratitude of that prince to such a

height, that in the middle of his court, and among the joyful acclamations of the people, he embraced the young hero, and begged him to demand a reward for his great services; assuring him, that did he ask the half of his dominions, he should think himself happy in being able to give a mark of his tenderness and gratitude. Thibault, who had done nothing but with a view of rendering himself worthy of owning the passion he so long and painfully had concealed, encouraged by such generous offers, threw himself at the feet of the Count, telling him, that his ambition was entirely satisfied in having been able to do him any service; but that he had another passion more difficult to be pleased, which induced him to beg a favour, on which depended the whole felicity of his life. The Count pressed him to an explanation of these words, and swore to him by the faith of a knight, an oath inviolably sacred in those times, that there was nothing in his power he would refuse him. This promise entirely recovering the trembling lover from that confusion which the fears that accompany that passion had involved him in, "I presume then, my lord," said he, "to beg, I may have leave to declare myself the Princess's knight, and that I may serve and adore her in that quality. I am not ignorant," continued he, "of the temerity of my wishes, but if a crown be wanting to deserve her, let me flatter myself with the hope that this sword, already successful over your enemies, may one day, enforced by love, make my fortune worthy of the glory to which I aspire." The joy which appeared in the face of the Count at this demand, would be impossible to represent: he raised Thibault, and again tenderly embracing him, "My son," said he, "for so henceforth I call you, I pray heaven to dispose my daughter to receive your vows as favourably as I shall satisfy them." He took him by the hand with these words, and led him to the Princess's apartment; "Daughter," said he, "as I have nothing so dear to me as yourself, you alone can recompense the obligations I have to this young warrior.—The respect he has for you, makes him desire only to be entertained as your knight; but I come to let you know, I would have you receive him as your husband." The Princess blushing, cast down her eyes; but being commanded to reply, she confessed the choice he had made for her was agreeable to her inclinations, and that it was with pleasure she submitted to her father's will. Thibault thanked the kind concession in terms that testified his excess of transport. The Count perceiving their mutual wishes, suffered them not to languish in expectation of a blessing he had resolved on; but gave immediate orders for the marriage preparations, and a few days after it was celebrated with the magnificence the occasion deserved. Hymen, in agreement with love, only rendered their flames more lasting; possession was so far from extinguishing them, that it seemed to be the torch which kindled them. The Count was charmed with the happy union he saw between them, and his heart could scarce decide which he most loved, his own daughter, or son-in-law.

(To be continued.)

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION.

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.

UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 29.)

"CONCEIVE our astonishment, when we heard who the man was whom we had handled in such a dreadful manner! It was Miguel, the son of the Duke of C***na, and Count ***ez, his tutor. Most of the conspirators proposed to dispatch both of them, lest our secret should be betrayed; I insisted however upon their being examined before any thing should be determined, to which they consented. Miguel confessed that he had been sent by his father to visit the principal towns of Europe in company of his tutor, and that the account of the priest at whose house he had supped, had made him curious to have a sight of the inhabitants of the castle. Their examination being finished, they were ordered to retire, and I harangued the assembly in the following manner:

"You expect to avoid a discovery by destroying our prisoners; however, I believe just the contrary will happen. The servant, the priest, and his family, know that they have spent the night at the castle, and if they do not return to-day, the whole village will be alarmed. The old Duke will be informed of the incident, and who can seriously expect that he will be so credulous as to attribute the death of his son to ghosts. His life is too important to the father and the state, not to cause the strictest investigation. The castle will be surrounded, searched, and we shall be detected, or obliged to save ourselves by flight. In either instance, we must leave the castle. This will be the natural consequence, and the death of these two men will certainly be the surest means of betraying our asylum. I would therefore advise you to spare their lives, I know the family of Villa R***l too well, to apprehend the least danger from the execution of this proposal. Miguel and Count ***ez, are men of honour, and if they pledge their word to conceal the events of this night we shall be safe. However, this is not the sole reason for which I would advise you to spare their lives; I have a more important view at heart; I intend to gain Miguel over to our party. He shall become a principal actor in the great drama which we are going to perform, and untie the knot which we have tied. You are astonished? however, I would have you to recollect that I am not wont to attempt what I am not sure to be able to perform. I will tell you my plan more at large, at some other time; at present let us demand an oath of secrecy from our prisoners and set them at liberty.

"My proposal was adopted, and I sat instantly down to inform your Excellency of that incident."

I should never have believed the *Unknown* to be the writer of this letter, if I had not been convinced of it by the other papers. I had always looked upon my adventure at the castle, as a scene which I thought to have been closed with the recovery of our liberty, and entirely unconnected with the subsequent events of my life. I had

not entertained the most distant suspicion that the rest of my adventures were any ways connected with that incident. I suspected indeed, from the beginning, the masked persons at the castle to be men of high rank, however, I should never have thought that they were the heads of the conspiracy which had been formed to set my country at liberty. I fancied the *Unknown* had framed his design upon me when we met him in the disguise of a beggar; but I never dreamed that he had formed it already at the castle, and that I and my tutor owed our lives to his mediation. You may, therefore, easily conceive how much I was surprised at this discovery. I vowed never to forget how much we were indebted to the *Unknown*. How remarkable was this letter to me! however the second was still more so.

"I intend to submit Miguel to my will by the delusions of magic. Your Excellency perhaps may think, that this plan may be rendered abortive by a young man who gives so little credit to the reality of apparitions, that he dares to take up his night's lodging at a castle which is famed for being the haunt of ghosts. However, even if I should suppose that he had no other view in his visit to the castle, than to encounter an adventure, yet I must conclude from that step that he has a tendency for enthusiasm, which, however, is very different from that which I want him to have; yet enthusiasm, however it may display itself, is always enthusiasm; and the only thing I have to aim at, is to give it a turn most consistent with my plan, which will be no difficult matter with a young man of his temper, his thirst for knowledge, and unstable principles.

"Certainly it would be a great mistake, if one should conclude from his visit to the castle, that he does not believe in the reality of apparitions. On the contrary, I think I have reason to make just the opposite conclusion from it. If Miguel had been convinced of the vanity of apparitions before he came to the castle, he would not have taken the trouble of acquiring that conviction by experience; a secret voice, which, in spite of his philosophy, pleaded for the possibility of apparitions, excited his curiosity, and gave rise to that resolution which he had carried into execution. If Miguel had been convinced, that the inhabitants of the castle could see no other beings but men, his resorting to the castle would have been not only superfluous, but also fool-hardy, as he would have exposed his life to unknown and suspected people, for no other reason but to convince himself of a truth which he already knew. However, his want of a firm conviction, his wavering between belief and unbelief, was the ground on which he risked so much in order to come to the truth. I am certain Miguel's philosophy would have received a mortal blow, if Grigorio had acted his part with more moderation.

"It will be my chief, and, I hope, no fruitless aim, to effect this by means of magical delusions and art. If I can but gain so much advantage over Miguel, that he, for want of capacity to explain my deeds naturally, shall begin to think me gifted with supernatural power, then he will suffer himself to be entirely ruled by me.

" His thirst for knowledge, and his fondness of adventures, will assist me to gain my aim, which would be a difficult matter, if he were of a different turn of mind. In order to enthrall his head and heart at one time, I intend to make him acquainted with a female enthusiast who has been prompted by the extraordinary incidents of her life, to believe in wonders and apparitions of all kinds. Enthusiasm is catching, and particularly so, if the enthusiast is such a beautiful and charming woman as the Countess of Clairval. In her company Miguel will easily become an enthusiast, who will be equally capable of seeing ghosts, and staking his life for his mistress and his country. If that point is but gained, then I shall find it easy work to lead him with rapidity to the mark. *All arguments of philosophy and patriotism never would be able to gain him so decidedly and so rapidly to our party, as the word of a man whom he fancies to possess supernatural power, and to have been sent from above.* I shall think it my duty to account to your excellency for every important step I shall take in this matter, because you being the soul of our undertaking, renders it necessary you should be informed of every action of each individual member, in order to regulate your conduct accordingly. I only beg not to acquaint the Archbishop of Lisbon of my magical operations. Your excellency is no stranger to his rigid principles; how active soever he be in our cause, and how great soever his satisfaction at the conquest of Miguel will be, yet he would condemn without mercy the means by which I intend to gain him over to our party. My own heart would certainly reproach me severely for the fraud which I am going to commit against that excellent young man, if the important end which I am aiming at, did not plead my excuse, and I was not firmly resolved to open the eyes of the deluded man, as soon as I shall have gained my purpose.

" I am, &c. &c. &c."

The last lines confirmed the declaration of the Count, that the *Unknown* would have removed himself the veil from my eyes. But this did not justify him in my opinion. Though he should have destroyed the delusion at some future period, was I on that account less imposed upon while the deceit lasted, and can ever low and illicit means be ennobled by laudable views?—However, I cannot deny that the sagacity with which the *Unknown* had explored my weak side, the dextrous use he made of that discovery, and the finess of the artifices which he employed to deceive me, excited my admiration to the highest degree; but at the same time, I must confess that I was severely vexed at the ease with which my philosophy yielded to his delusive artifices. I was very agreeably surprised to find that the Archbishop of Lisbon was one of the conspirators. I knew him very well, and it flattered my pride to have a share in an undertaking in which a divine of his worth and uncommon learning was concerned. His rigid principles, which the *Unknown* dreaded so much, were to me the best security for the justness of his undertaking. I took up the third letter, burning with an impatient desire to know the names of the rest of the conspirators; but its contents were of a different nature.

(To be continued.)

ALL MEN ARE SLAVES.

THAT the fair sex are supreme sovereigns of the universe, can never be doubted. Man has no will of his own but what woman delegates to him; she moulds him as she pleases; he seems most happy if but permitted to become her vassal, and she deposes and disposes of him according to her will and pleasure.

A smile of approbation, or the squeeze of the lovely hand of a charming woman, will immediately procure thousands of volunteers ready to undertake the most dangerous and hazardous enterprises, if sanctioned by her enchanting fiat; such enviable distinctions will create cowards into heroes, who are ever willing to risk every thing under the fair one's banner.

We whine, we tremble, we sigh at the fair one's feet for days, years and ages, supplicating, some will perhaps say, the most trifling favours in the humblest manner: heavenly woman's distinctions and favours are almost inestimable; therefore, as such, ought always to be considered of a sublime and fascinating nature. I sincerely pity those, if any such there are, who do not possess a sublimity of ideas to enable them to adore and value the charms and attractions of the fair; for 'tis they only who can expand and enlighten our minds and ideas. It is the bewitching eye, the enchanting features, the soft and delicate complexion, the charming symmetry, and the tout ensemble of divine woman; that taketh, at pleasure the soul of man by surprise, and renders him a prisoner. Man, as the humblest slave, is most happy in her chains; nor would he exchange them for fetters of gold. By enjoying her charms, he is possessed of unspeakable bliss; for on divine woman depends the principal pleasures of life.

—I would call thee somewhat higher still—

But when my thoughts search heaven for appellation,

They echo back the sovereign name of woman!

Thou woman, therefore! O thou loveliest woman!

CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF THE DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

IT was a Florentine who found, buried in a heap of dust, and in a rotten coffer belonging to the monastery of St. Gal, the works of Quintilian: and, by this fortunate discovery, gave them to the republic of letters.

Papirius Masson found, in the house of a book-binder of Lyons, the works of Agobart. The mechanic was on the point of using the manuscripts to line the covers of his books.

A page of the second Decade of Livy was found by a man of letters on the parchment of his battledore, as he was amusing himself in the country. He ran directly to the maker of the battledore: but arrived too late; the man had finished the last page of Livy, in completing a large order for these articles about a week before.

Sir Robert Cotton, being one day at his tailor's, discovered that the man held in his hand, ready to be cut up for measures, the original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signature. He bought this singular curiosity for a trifle; and recovered in this manner, what had long been given over for lost.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON GEOGRAPHY.

GEOGRAPHY is a science which is no more looked upon as a fine accomplishment, but a necessary part of education; for there is no study which seems fitter for the entertainment and instruction of young persons than this. Geography gives them a perfect idea of the exterior surface of the globe, of its natural and political divisions, and of the curiosities of all its parts: hence it may be called with reason, the eye of history, the soldier's companion, the merchant's director, and the traveller's guide.

It is also a study which holds the first rank among those qualities which are requisite for forming the scholar; for it is adapted not only to gratify our curiosity, but also to increase our knowledge, to banish prejudices, and make us acquainted with our real advantages, and those of our fellow-creatures.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the summer of the year 1780, an old Indian, an inhabitant of the wood, used to visit the town of Poughkeepsie for the purpose of disposing of wooden ware, it being the only means he had for gaining a livelihood--- Among the purchasers of his goods, was a lady who much wished for a utensil for working her butter as she called it---and desiring him, when he came again, to bring some *butter ladles*.---“*Butter ladles!*” answered the tawny son of the forest, in the native simplicity of his soul---“Why mistress, if I was to fashion such things, they would all melt away before I could get here.”

L. B.

ON THE MUTABILITY OF FORTUNE.

THERE is nothing certain in this world but death: theory supposes, experience sometimes proves, but the latter often deceives. The fatality which constantly attends the wayward lot of mortals, is so secret in its operations, that it baffles all the penetration of men to discover it. Xerxes came to conquer Greece with such a numerous force, that his armies quite exhausted the rivers in quenching their natural thirst. He covered the sea with ships, as numerous as the caterpillars which formerly infested Egypt; whence he was inflated with such a certain prospect of success, that he already considered himself as a complete master of the sea; and he commanded it to be whipped with rods, for having the insolence to mutiny tempestuously against him. But, alas! he shamefully lost so many thousand men, and such a number of ships, that he thought himself very fortunate in escaping on board a small fishing bark.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Sunday se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. PETER HOPMIRE, to Miss SALLY WILSON, both of this city.

On Monday se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. JAMES BLEECKER, merchant, to Miss SARAH BACHE, daughter of Mr. Theophylast Bache, merchant, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. WILLIAM JAMES, of this city, to Miss ANN READ, of Trenton.

DIED,

On the 27th ult. of a sudden illness, TIMOTHY MASON, son to Christopher Mason, Esq. of Swansey, in Massachusetts. He promised fair to realize the hopes of his affectionate parents, but was prematurely cut off in the seventh year of his age, on a visit to this city. On the 28th, his remains were interred in the Baptist burying ground.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The ELEGY on an UNFORTUNATE VETERAN, by MATILDA, and TWILIGHT, a Sonnet, by ALEXIS, are received, and shall appear in our next.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 24th to the 31st inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100	8. 1. 6.	8. 1. 6.
JULY. 24	79	74	69	NE. SW. S.	clear do. rain.
25	69	73	67	S. do. do.	clear do. do.
26	70	70	72	E. do. SE.	clear cloudy. do.
27	70	76	50 79	NW. do. N.	clear do. do.
28	73	79	78	SW. do. do.	clear cloudy clear.
29	78	85	50 80	W. NW. W.	clear do. do.
30	76	85	80	SE. W. NW.	clear do. do.
31	75	81	79 50	NW. SW. do.	clear do. do.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

For July, 1796.

Mean temperature of the thermometer	at 8 A. M.	deg. 100
Do. do. of the do.	at 1 P. M.	73 25
Do. do. of the do.	at 6 P. M.	81 5
Do. do. of the whole month		75 5
Greatest monthly range between the 8th and 25th		76 45
Do. do. in 24 hours	the 21st.	21 0
Warmest day the	8	12 0
Coldest do. the	25	88 0
14 Days it rained. A very large quantity of rain has fallen this month.		67 0
13 do. it was clear at 8 1 and 6 o'clock.		
5 do. it was cloudy at do. do.		
22 do. the wind was to the westward of north and south.		
7 Times it thundered and lightened in this month.		

ADVERSITY.

Adversity is virtue's school
To those who right discern:
Let me observe each painful rule,
And each hard lesson learn.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE VELVET LARKSPUR AND THE EGLANTINE.

A FABLE OF FLORA.

AMIDST the flowers that lov'd to pour
Their sweets on every breath of May,
Along a green luxuriant shore
Where hoary HUDSON winds his way.

There high upon a slender stem
A *Larkspur* bloom'd in scarlet pride,
And glittering with an evening gem,
She view'd her beauties in the tide.

Hard by, beneath a cedar's shade,
An *Eglantine* of softest hues,
Her blushing buds and flowers display'd,
And shed her odours with the dews.

The setting sun shot back a ray,
Once more the lovely plant to warm,
While warbling from a neighbouring spray,
A *Thrush* proclaim'd her power to charm.

The *Larkspur* turn'd her velvet head
To view the subject of the song;
"Come, minstrel of the wood," she said,
"For me thy tuneful notes prolong."

"See how the waters, as they pass
"To bathe the verdure of my feet,
"Brighten before my glowing face,
"And raptur'd roll in murmurs sweet."

"No flower that blossoms in the wild
"Can boast a bloom so rich as mine;
"No leaf that Flora's hand can gild,
"May like my polish'd foliage shine."

"Why therefore waste thy tender lay,
"On yonder *Eglantine* so frail,
"Whose faded tinges speak decay,
"Soon as they open on the gale."

"And if some hermit ere hath found,
"And fought her simple sweets to taste,
"With pois'nous thorns encompass'd round,
"He mourn'd too late his witless haste."

"Vain weed, the scented brier replied,
"While my perfumes enrich the air,
"And blest the dale on every side,
"Wilt thou, indeed, with me compare?"

"And shall thy boasted tints that glare
"A moment on the astonish'd sight,
"With my lov'd buds a chaplet share,
"Which even when faded yield delight?"

"Thy verdant foliage, though it shine,
"Emits a faint and sickly smell,
"While every leaf and thorn of mine
"Soft and delicious sweets exhale."

"And even those thorns thy folly blames,
"They shield me from the spoiler's power,
"Whose niggard with an object claims,
"He knows must perish in an hour."

"Yes, and the bard by love imprest,
"Or sacred grief, hath fought my shade;
"And there the anguish of his breast
"In mournful poetry display'd."

"Henceforth then, herb, to me give place,
"Long shall my charms be sung by fame,
"While all thy tawdry, worthless race
"Bloom and expire without a name."

A HERMIT from his rocky cell,
With pity the contention heard,
And thrice did tears his eye-lids fill,
And thrice he shook his silv'ry beard.

For in the vivid blooms he saw
What he in former times had been,
When passion was his only law,
And pride led on each various scene.

But prosperous days full soon withdrew,
Wealth vanish'd like a fairy dream,
And Friendship from his moanings flew,
And Love forgot his wonted theme.

Then turn'd he from his devious path,
(A path with many a thorn bestrew'd)
From passions wild, and cares that scath,
And fought this silent solitude.

"Frail flowers (he cried) forbear your strife,
"Why should the charms that nature gave,
"To bless your fleeting space of life,
"That space, of mild content bereave?"

"Let neither to the palm aspire,
"To each a share of praise is due,
"Rich is the odour of the Brier,
"And beauteous is the *Larkspur's* hue."

"But ah, since fate with stinted hand
"Allots to each her little day,
"Let PEACE its morning beam command,
"And gild serene its evening ray."

"For on the wing of Speed draws near,
"Old DEATH, too faithful to his trust,
"And soon the unlovely and the fair
"Alike shall crumble into dust."

A N N A.

New-York, July 29, 1796.

THE KISS. INSCRIBED TO OLYNDA.

THOSE balmy lips outvie the rose,
A thousand sweets at once disclose;
Each kiss is heaven itself confess'd,
And nature made them to be press'd.
As feasts the bee on Flora's plain,
I'd sip, and sip, and sip again;
At every taste new joy I'd prove,
And die of aromatic love.
Then, charmer, ne'er deny the bliss
That flows from thy delicious kiss;
And if there be a joy intense
In gratifying human sense,
Be love, and love alone, your plan,
And me alone the happy man.

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